

#65

Lady Like

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LadyLike

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Cover photo by Dianne Richards

LadyLike

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Dianne Richards

Height: 5'9" or 175 cm

Weight: 185 lbs or 85 kg

Age: 56

Residence: Toronto, ON,
Canada

Profession: Work in technical
end of theater productions

Shoe Size: 11W

Dress Size: 16/18,
depending on manufacture
and style

Favorite Clothing: Anything
feminine and stylish – high
end day wear

Favorite Things: My new
SLR digital camera

Turn Ons: Live Theater,
my wife, quality clothing,
supportive friends, good
food

Turn Offs: Short sighted
people who never want to
learn about someone before
they judge them.

Perfume: Chloé

Makeup: L'Oreal Products

Favorite Music: Bach to Beatles,
and Gilbert & Sullivan to AC/DC

Favorite Movies: Princess Bride,
Evita, Bridges of Madison County,
Harry Potter series

Favorite Place: Walt Disney World



LL: They say love is better the second time around but today we'll find out if being the Profile Girl for a second time is better, too. We're speaking with returning Profile Girl Dianne Richards. Dianne graced the cover of issue #21 back in September of 1994. Welcome back Dianne.

D: Thanks so much for inviting me back.

LL: Of course we covered your life in issue #21 up till 1994 but we're going to go ahead and start at the beginning again for those readers who came late to Lady-Like. Tell us how long have you been crossdressing.

D: I started dressing when I was very young. As it goes with most CDs I borrowed my mom's and sister's things first. Eventually that lead to building a secret cache of my own clothes when I finally started to purchase a few things. Then I purged and bought and purged.

LL: We've heard that tale before. (Laughter.) How did you felt about dressing at that age and how is it different now?

D: When I started doing it the dressing was a thrill and even had a sexual satisfaction element to it but over time it evolved into what it is today, a comfortable and natural feeling part of my daily life.

LL: You were married in 1970.

When did you

tell your wife about your hobby?

D: I didn't 'fess up till after she discovered it in the mid 70s.

LL: Ooo, she found out on her own. How did that go?

D: There were some difficult times for a while but we talked and talked—and again I purged.

LL: What was her first reaction?

D: She was upset, very upset and wondered what she had done wrong, or if I was gay, or wanted to be a full woman. All the typical questions. This was pre-Internet and the information and contacts were very limited. For all we knew I was the only one in the whole world with this pastime.

LL: How did you deal with it?

D: We talked and talked and talked a lot more after that and then things were dormant for about ten years.

LL: Wow. A decade of not facing it. How did you get started talking again?

D: In the mid 80's she was more comfortable about her sexuality and the fact that crossdressing was neither a slight or threat to her femininity, or to our relationship. At that point we opted to try some crossdressing activities within the privacy of our home and then in 1990 we met our first other crossdresser face to face and started going to events.

LL: How does she feel about Dianne now?

D: Dianne is not a third party in our house. She is ME and I am HER but there are only two people in the house—husband and wife regardless of what I have on. My wife

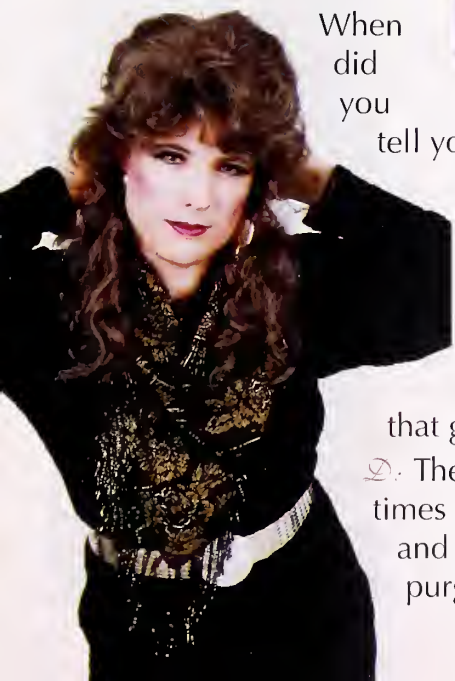
knows that she fell in love with ME, and Dianne was an integral part without whom I would not have the personality that she loves.

LL: It took some time but it's great that you arrived at that place.

D: I realize how deep our love runs and love how much we have communicated.

LL: How did you meet other CDs?

D: In 1990 I found an organization that supported crossdressers and through it we met our first crossdresser. Shortly after that first meeting with him we





met with him and his wife face to face. That lead to meeting many more CDs and their wives.

LL: Have you made any special pals in the CD community?

DL: One of the first couples we met were from Rochester, New York, which is about a three hour drive from us. They came to Toronto on annual shopping trips and we met (in) drab on one of those trips and they became instant friends who we've known now for over 20 years.

LL: What other things did you dress for back then?

DL: By the mid 90's I had been out to many functions and met many others. During that time I was featured on the cover of LadyLike and another magazine here in Canada.

LL: Do you get out and about en femme in your hometown?

DL: Well, with my wife's help and lots of practice I have improved my look over the years and while we do go out on occasion it's mostly to areas away from home. Although we live in a city of 360,000 we are very active in the community and as good as my look is, if people see my wife they will wonder who is that woman she's with and then they may put two and two together.

LL: It's either the wife or the car that will give you away. Since you don't go out in your town do you go to any TG support groups?

DL: When I first started going out I actually did go to a group here but then I thought it over and decided for my wife and kid's sake it would be best to go elsewhere for support and I found that in a group in

Detroit.

LL: Since your wife is supportive do you dress at home?

DL: I do have the luxury of dressing at home but except for my wife, Dianne is closeted to my whole family.

LL: So dressing up depends on who's around, or scheduled to come over on any given day. Has anyone ever been suspicious? I mean what would you say if your kids or some friends ever asked you?

DL: My wife and I agreed never to lie about it if asked a direct question, however it's not something that we necessarily want to splash on the front page of the local paper. With love and discretion we have been able to strike a balance between the roles of husband and wife and that of girlfriends while maintaining an active family and community life.

LL: How do you view your crossdressing?

DL: Well, after meeting people in person and on the Internet I've learned that there is a whole range of TG people, from the sex oriented fetish types to true transsexuals going through transition and I know that I am very much in the CD camp of the non-fetish persuasion, but at the far end of that group closest to the TS crowd. I have no desire to transition but I really enjoy being dressed and am comfortable with my dual gender. I have a true balance in my life with my wife's support.

LL: What's been the hardest part for you about dressing as a woman?

DL: I go out comfortably now day or night and I have a large upscale street wardrobe that allows me to blend in with the crowd but I am still working on my voice, that's the hard part. I just want to disappear in the pack and not be noticed.

LL: So other than your voice concerns you feel you're achieving that goal?

DL: I've been told I carry myself well and have excellent body language. I've even been asked by transitioning TSs if I have gone full time yet and when I will be finished my transition.

LL: Good feminine move-





ment is the key to passing when you're just walking around. But you're right, when you have to interact with other people the voice is key. What are your favorite clothes?

☺: For daytime I usually wear slacks and blouses or sweaters, occasionally skirts. Evenings are dresses and skirts time.

LL: Other than TG events what kind

of things have you done dressed?

☺: I've been shopping in major malls, out to the cinema and gone to restaurants and museums.

LL: Have you had any really fun times you'd like to share with our readers?

☺: I got to spend an entire week as Dianne.

LL: Tell us all about it.

☺: Just this past January I had a whole week to be Dianne so I got in touch with my American gal pals and we set up an agenda. I left home at eleven a.m. on Monday January thirtieth and headed west. I crossed the border without incident and by three I was well settled in my hotel room in Ann Arbor. At five thirty one friend arrived and we went out for the evening. She showed me around the city and pointed out a few highlights... as well as some she had not planned to show.

LL: Like what, exactly?

☺: Nothing naughty. We took a couple of wrong streets so I got to see parts of town that weren't on the original itinerary. Finally we arrived at a wonderful Italian restaurant, got comfy and our conversation was so comfortable and continuous that we were asked three times by the waitress if we were ready to order, which we finally did. The feeling and rapport of that evening will live with me for a very very long time. It was a totally feminine night. We chatted away with no inhibitions and even some laughter.

LL: It must have been a lot like this interview. How was your dinner?

☺: Dinner was marvelous and we were both good and did not order dessert. We got back to my hotel

around 10:30 and took a few pictures to remember the evening. After my friend left the memory of our evening made me glow for the rest of the night. What a wonderful start to a 24/7 week.

LL: This was just your first day. What happened next?

☺: Tuesday morning I was up early, showered, dressed (en femme) and was on the road by 10:30 a.m. heading for Chicago and the Island Girls. I arrived just as my prearranged roommate checked in and we moved my things to the room as well. That evening four of us went out to see Transamerica, which I enjoyed thoroughly and want to see again. It was fun being in downtown Chicago at a movie, ordering popcorn and coke and getting settled in the theater. After the movie we all went back to the hotel and chatted and chatted.

LL: Now, you're on the road, going out in public. How about the lady's room issue?

☺: I sure saw my share of restrooms on that trip. Not that it is a thrill to do so and can be dangerous if you are questioned but it's one thing many forget about full time dressing. Bathroom breaks don't always align with time at the hotel.

LL: You have to send your bladder to Bladder Obedience School. It's very expensive! Much easier to be ladylike, get in, get done and get out. I can't believe





we're up to Wednesday already!

☺: Wednesday found me at IHOP at ten forty five a.m. having a tasty brunch. The start to another wonderful day. The remainder of the day was spent at the mall. I shopped on my own and then my friend and I shopped and then we met up with others from the hotel—and shopped.

LL: I love multiple uses of the word "shopped" in a sentence. Next.

☺: Around dinner time I showered, redid my makeup and got ready for an evening of fun with the Island Girls. I must say special thanks for the great time at the Edge and the special recognition I received as the only International Member IG. IG Yahoo Group has a number of International Members but I am the only one who has been there and participated physically in the festivities. After the evening of fun, food, cake, and karaoke we all ended up back the hotel for conversation till four in the morning.

LL: Let's see, it must be Thursday now?

☺: Right, and by eleven I was on the road again (still en femme) heading for home. I drove back to Detroit and got changed there to cross the border.

LL: Probably very prudent. I did hear Eddie Izzard tell an amusing story about how he flew into London dressed but he did mention that they questioned him for several hours before they let him enter the country and that could be really tiresome. But, you were changing to cross the border.

☺: Well, I did find time to get a bit more shopping in before changing.

LL: That wonderful word again. You do know how to make me feel good. But, we're all sad since your week has ended.

☺: You may think my week ended there but noooooooooo! I got home to the warm and loving arms of my spouse, oh I missed her, but on Friday I had arranged to meet a girlfriend for lunch in the Toronto area. I had another day en femme.

LL: You go girl!

☺: I was out of the house by ten a.m. and we met at a huge local mall. We had some chat and a great lunch in a high end restaurant and then I went home and spent the remainder of the evening en femme.

LL: A lovely ending to a wonderful week.

☺: But wait! There's more. Saturday morning my wife and I went out shopping (with me in drab) and picked up over \$100 worth of new

things so of course when we got home I had to try them on and spent the time from about two p.m. to ten en femme.

LL: Wow. You really got around and got a lot of quality dressing done.

☺: Yes, it was wonderful being able to be my femme self all week. Not just because of the clubbing but just being able to be myself, driving, walking the mall, going to the lady's room, dining and shopping. It was great!

LL: We all need a vacation en femme now and then. I guess you owe your wife for that one.

☺: My whole week was possible due to my very loving and understanding wife. She above all gets the real credit... but I got all the enjoyment.

LL: And our readers got the enjoyment of reading about your enjoyment. Thanks so much for being with us the second time around.

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Erie Lambert



Amanda Richards

A woman's hair is her crowning glory. As I have mentioned before, in my natural state my crown is a bit lacking in ornamentation. I am follicle-ly challenged. I am bald!

I have dealt with

this situation since my late twenties. This may explain my fascination with hair and wigs. It is pure envy. It is bad enough that I was not born with the ability to change sexes at will. I cannot even

experience having my hair permed or colored.

Since my childhood, when my mother would wear her wigs, I

have always loved the magical transformation

that takes place when a

woman places one upon her head. A new and

often exotic creature is created. I have often said that

Amanda only really exists after that moment when I slip the wig upon my head. I am sure there are many of you out there that have the same experience.

Over the years, I have developed a very large wig collection, and that does not include the dozens of styles I have available at my studio, True Colors. I can be a redhead one minute, and a blonde the next. It is the ultimate in hair

thrills. A great deal of my CD life is centered upon wigs.

I have managed to create this wonderful fantasy world in which the placing of a wig upon my head made me complete. This arrangement has been fine and I have made my peace with the curse of male pattern baldness by replacing the hair I no longer have with the hair that I can order in a million different colors.

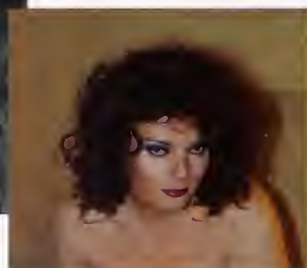
All was well in Amanda's little world until last November. I had an experience while attending The Erie Gala that permanently changed my relationship with hair. I am now the victim of a completely new obsession—hair extensions! For those of you not familiar with the term, hair extensions do exactly what the name says. By attaching hair, either in clumps or in long bands of hair (called wefts) to your hair or scalp, you can achieve a longer, fuller look. You can go from short to long in the matter of a few hours time. There are many different methods of applying hair extensions. Extensions in the form of wefts can be sewn on to cornrows that have been braided into your own hair. There are heat processes which allow you to attach clumps of hair to your own hair strands with little plastic bands that you melt around them. None of these methods is of any use to a poor bald girl like me.

There is another method of applying extensions that works for us. You take the hair wefts (long strands of fabric with hair sewn onto them) and glue them to your scalp at the base of your natural hair. This method is the root of my obsession. It all started with a phone call I received the day before I was to leave for Erie. My friend Shirley, a wonderfully accomplished hairdresser, was going to accompany me to the event.

Shirley called with an interesting idea. She proposed that we try to glue extensions onto my entire head to create a complete and abundant head of hair where only stray strands existed before. Shirley has used extensions to augment her own hair for years and she felt that this process just might work. I was in the midst of packing and other preparations, and did not really give much thought to what she was proposing. I agreed though and a very amazing experience began. Shirley said she would bring the hair all I had to do was sit through the process. I hung up the phone and continued my packing.

Two days later, Shirley arrived at the event. She reminded me of what we had planned and I agreed to meet in her motel room at around nine that night. At eight forty five I headed for her room wearing a wig for the last time that weekend. Shirley showed me the hair she had brought. I was expecting some medium length straight strands of hair. Instead, I was presented with two bags of long wavy red hair. I started to get very interested about this time. I sat down in a chair, and Shirley began her work.

The strands of hair are attached by applying special temporary glue to the weft and pressing that on to your scalp. The glue is then set by applying heat from a hair dryer for a minute or two. Shirley started in the back and began applying strands in a circular pattern around my head. When needed she would cut





smaller lengths to fill in various spots. The process is painless, and absolutely fascinating. After about 2 hours time we ran out of hair. My head was completely covered with the exception of a small bare patch at the crown. We needed more hair. After asking around a bit at the hotel, the night manager gave us directions to the local

beauty supply store. It was late, so we would have to go the next morning.

Even though we were not completely done, I had an incredible head of hair. It was like nothing I had ever experienced before. I went back to my room and slept the night away dreaming of the completion of my beautiful new head of hair. The next morning we awoke early and arrived at the beauty supply store just as it was opening. We purchased another bag of hair. This time it was a beautiful golden blonde. I was going to get highlights! Upon returning to the hotel, we set about completing the job. It took about 30 minutes to fill in the bare and sparsely populated spots with the new blonde hair. After that Shirley went about cutting the hair, shaping it into a beautiful style. She used a curling iron to further enhance the already amazing curls. When we were finished, I was speechless. It was a dream come true. My hair fantasies were all realized! I had a beautiful full head of curls that was all mine. It did not come off. I could style it any way I wanted. I was in heaven!

The experience was completely different than wearing a wig. I could actually feel the breeze on my scalp. It did not feel like I was wearing a rug on my head. There were simply not enough mirrors in all of Erie for me to get a look at my hair. I told Shirley that she had created a monster. I might

never be able to go to an event without my own head of hair again.

While it was a truly wonderful experience, it did have its down side. I could not remove the hair, so I had to take care of it just as if it were my own. I washed it in the shower, and dried it with a blow dryer. I slept with my head and neck supported on pillows so that I would not muss my hair too much. When I went to shave my face the hair kept getting in the way. At times it was a real pain. I started to understand even more of what women go through to make themselves beautiful.

For the rest of the weekend people were coming up to me wanting to touch it and examine how it was done. I felt like an exhibit. It was fantastic! Constant attention is this girl's best friend. I was so enamored with this new head of hair that I extended my trip an extra day. I just did not want to give it up but the time finally came. The removal process was surprisingly easy. There is a special remover that you apply and rub in to the base of each strand. The hair just gradually begins to loosen and comes off easily. You can even save the hair for use later. I cannot wait until the next time!

This process is not inexpensive. The hair itself is expensive and of course, you need to compensate your stylist for their time. I have to say though that the experience is worth every penny. If you are ever going to be out for several days at a time, and want to enjoy the feeling of your own luxurious head of hair, you should definitely try it.

If you are interested in more information about this process, write to me at amanrich@aol.com and I will fill you in.

This experience has convinced me that life will always hold surprises. We all need to enjoy our gender identity as much as we can. There will always be an exciting and enlightening new adventure awaiting you. Whether you are in the closet and want to try applying makeup for the first time, or you're taking that first step out the door, or have been out for years and just want to try something new, I encourage you to do so. Life is short. As Oprah says, "Live Your Best Life".

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Dina's Diner

In early February 2006, news outlets picked up a police report from Los Angeles that movie director Lee Tamahori was arrested for soliciting an undercover police officer for sex while dressed in women's clothes.

Mr. Tamahori, now 55 years old, directed the last James Bond film and also directed some other features here and in his native New Zealand. During the filming of the Bond picture, there were a number of gossip column reports that said Mr. Tamahori was open about his interest in latex-wear and visiting fetish clubs in LA with his wife.



He always wanted to be a Bond Girl but had to settle for directing Die Another Day.

Some folks on the Bond film crews confirmed this after his recent arrest but professed no knowledge of his interest in crossdressing.

The only other time I remember a celebrity being outed in drag was actor Howard Rollins who was arrested in drag near the location filming of the "Heat of

the Night" TV show several years ago. And other than fringe celebrities like Alexis Arquette, there haven't been any other cases of mainstream stars who acknowledge an interest in crossdressing. If you know of any, I'd like to hear about them.

Every so often, an actor will do drag in a part and look really good. I always wondered how that type of experience could simply wash off after the scene and not want to be repeated. Again and again.

Maybe it's for the best that really attractive male celebrities with plenty of money to spend on wardrobe and contacts with makeup artists don't want to crossdress—at least publicly. We have enough insecurities without competing with all that too.

GORILLA MY DREAMS

A contestant on the British reality TV series, "Celebrity Big Brother" was accused of animal cruelty for wearing a gorilla coat on the show. The celebrity at the center of the controversy was Peter Burns, the former singer for the 80's band Dead or Alive. If that doesn't help you identify the "celebrity" perhaps this piece of trivia will: he sang the vocal to the hot club hit "You Spin Me Right Round (Like a Record)" that hit the charts in 1985.

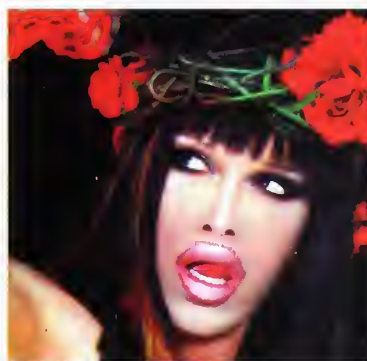
I always liked that song and the video so I was pleasantly surprised to find out that Pete Burns, now 46 years old, is openly transgendered in Britain. In the wire service article

about the gorilla coat, he was referred to as "the flamboyant Burns" and "the silicone-enhanced transvestite."

You can find photos of the glammed-up Burns on the internet. Actually, he doesn't seem to look much different than his 80's video image. Makeup, eyeliner, and big hair. (Ed. Note: I don't think Dina saw the photo we include here. Poor Pete has gone down that I-gotta-have-gigantic-lips highway.) It's not a far walk from glam-punk popstar to



Peter Burns wearing fur. Not gorilla fur but we bet it's real. Call PETA!



Peter Burns shows off her giant, scary lips.

any point on the transgender dotted line. I'm surprised more of the guys in those bands haven't come out of the closet.

And speaking of closet, what was the deal with Burns' gorilla coat?

The story was reported in January 2006 and apparently, he told the other contestants on the "Big Brother" TV show that it was authentic gorilla fur. Since gorillas are an endangered species, the coat landed Burns on the wrong side of Britain's Biodiversity Minister (that is a real title from the news article) who said he would prosecute Burns if the coat tests positive for gorilla-ness. The matter was turned over to the Hertfordshire Constabulary "who will take positive action to investigate any allegation of criminal activity."

A crossdresser in a gorilla coat being investigated by the local English constabulary... wasn't that an old Monty Python skit?

SPARE THE ROD AND SPOIL THE LADYBOY

The Associated Press reported on January 20, 2006 that a Thai transsexual convicted of drug dealing in Singapore was spared the caning punishment to which she could have been sentenced. According to the AP, the lady in question was Mongkon Pusuwan, 37 years old, "who underwent a sex change from male to female a decade ago" and pleaded guilty to selling cocaine and pills.

As most of us remember from the 90's case of the American teenager accused of vandalism, Singapore still uses caning as a form of punishment for convicted criminals. The AP was nice enough to elaborate on the punishment with this description: "Offenders are strapped to a wooden frame and lashed across the bare buttocks with a rattan rod."

At the time of her arrest in December 2005, Ms. Pusuwan's passport still listed her as male. Singaporean District Judge Bala Reddy ruled that Ms. Pusuwan was indeed a woman (now, at least) and the law does not allow females to be caned. She received a sentence of six years in jail for drug trafficking. It could have been even worse—the amount of drugs in her possession when arrested "was too small to qualify her for Singapore's mandatory death penalty for some drug cases." And you thought caning was harsh!

Well, Mongkon will have six years to think about whether selling a small amount of drugs was worth the trouble it caused her. But at least she knows her SRS paid off in the end... or something like that.

A REAL WHIZZ BANG IDEA

The Associated Press is quickly becoming my one stop shopping place for transgender news articles. I'm sure they will be happy to hear that, too. Maybe we could work out an endorsement deal with multimedia cross-promotion (crossdress promotion?).

But back to the news... the December AP wire carried an article datelined from Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, about a local bill passed by Nova Iguacu city council requiring nightclubs, restaurants, shopping malls, and movie theaters "to provide a third type of bathroom for transvestites." The bill still needed to be approved by the mayor before becoming law.

The lead sentence of the AP article was: "For most, it's a choice of the men's room or the women's. A Brazilian city is trying to give an option to those who don't fit easily into either category." The restroom bill was proposed by city councilman Carlos Eduardo Moreira, a former policeman in the city of Nova Iguacu. Here is an interesting geography factoid you can try to work into a conversation sometime: Nova Iguacu is a city of about 800,000 (mostly poor) citizens on the outskirts of Rio de Janeiro. And according to Mr. Moreira, there are about 28,000 transvestites in the population there. I don't know how he came up with that statistic. As large as that sounds, it is still only 3.5% of the population, 7% if you assume a 50-50 mix of men and women, and something much higher if you subtract children.

The ah-ha moment for this brilliant idea came to Councilman Moreira during a local Samba show "when dozens of transvestites showed up." How many dozens make 28,000? Well, let's get off the math and get back to the urinals. Moreira said that the transvestites confronted a familiar difficulty with the facilities at the Samba show. "It was a real problem. The women didn't feel comfortable having them in the ladies' room, and the men didn't want them in their bathroom either." You can say that again, brother.

Moreira said many transvestites are reluctant to go out because there's no bathroom for them. If you are wondering how Mr. Moreira knows so much about the travails of transvestites, he told the AP that he was a married father of two children. "I'm not doing this for my own benefit" he said. He also said that he didn't think it would be a hardship for entertainment venues to install a third restroom for transvestites. After the initial investment, Moreira said, the "establishment will end up making more money because it will have a larger public and transvestites like to spend." If people of either sex don't mind sharing with the TG's they could also use the dedicated restrooms.

It may be a long way to go, but if you really gotta go and want to find a quiet place where you can commune with kindred spirits while whizzing in peace, Nova Iguacu could become the tourist destination of choice for transvestites, crossdressers, transgenders and anyone else with a weak bladder.

VICTORIA'S LITTLE KNOWN SECRET

It was reported in the news media that Victoria's Secret lingerie stores will allow men in the dressing rooms to try on women's garments. The story broke in the fall of 2005 after an episode of HBO's "Curb Your Enthusiasm" included a scene in which Larry David in one of the stores.

I didn't see the episode but according to the news reports, in the show, star Larry David is waiting for his wife outside the dressing rooms with bras in his hand and the saleslady asks him if wants to try them on. This prompted a question to the Victoria's Secret headquarters about what their policy really was on this topic. According to one of the news reports I saw, Veronica Vera, who runs a "Finishing School for Boys Who Want to Become Girls" in New York City, emailed the Victoria's Secret website to request clarification of the policy, in which she congratulated them on their progressive views on the topic.

The initial response from the website, however, was muddled. An account in Queer Day Magazine (quoting a New York Post Page Six report) related the events this way: "A staffer at its Web site responded to Vera, writing, "Victoria's Secret does allow men to use dressing rooms. However, because our primary target client is female and because of the sensitive nature of our product, there are specific guidelines for males in the dressing room areas. If a male client requests a dressing room at a busy time ... or there are female clients in the area, we ask him to come back... when the shop is less busy. If there are one or two females in the dressing rooms and it is a shop where there are additional dressing rooms free from female use, we will allow him to use a room free of female traffic." But less than an hour after Victoria's Secret emailed Vera, Page Six received a call from the company's Executive Vice President, Monica Mitro, who shot down the statement. "That is not our policy," she said. "We are a women's business and we cater to women. To my knowledge, we don't cater to men in our dressing rooms."



We doubt that most of the CDs using the dressing rooms will look anything like this Vicky's Secret model.

part of the large lingerie retailer. One can only imagine they don't expect a continuous march of crossdressers or men parading into the women's changing rooms because it would surely have a deleterious effect on their female customer base. "Excuse me, Miss, do you have this sheer black negligee in a 44 long?"

But I need to check." After checking, Mitro sent Page Six another e-mail correcting herself. Men are allowed. "That is our policy," she admitted. Told of the final decision, Vera said, "Hallelujah, our cups runneth over! They will find most men who want to try things on are very polite and very considerate of female customers. They just want to shop, and they value their privacy as much as the next girl."

That is a very forward-thinking policy on the

How To Submit Photos

We now accept **digital photos** if they are of sufficient resolution. **Do not** overly compress digital photos. **Do not** send digital photos by email without permission **first**. We **cannot** use inkjet prints. We need real glossy photographs. Please do not send more than four (4) photos. If you include your mailing name and mailing address on the back of your photos, we will print your address with your photo in the magazine so people can write to you directly. **Do not** write on the photos with a ballpoint pen. Use a **permanent marker** and make sure **the ink is dry** before putting them in the envelope. **If you are a subscriber**, we'll forward mail for you for the length of your subscription. Write your **customer number** on your photos. **If you are not a subscriber**, include \$10 with your photo and we will forward mail to you for a year.

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If you want to write to someone whose picture appears in the magazine, look for an address and write directly. Or look for a forwarding number (like FWD9999) with the photo. If there is a FWD number, write your letter, put it in an envelope and **in pencil** write the FWD number on the front. For **each** letter to be forwarded, put your letter (in its envelope), correct postage in stamps and \$2 in another envelope (#10 or larger) and mail it all to us here at LadyLike Magazine, c/o PO Box 491, Lionville, PA 19353-0491.

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LadyLike is the publication that treats the subjects of transvestism and cross-dressing as they should be treated, with respect and sophistication. Chock full of great features and loads of photos, you won't want to miss a single issue. Every issue contains important and useful information to help you realize the "ladylike" qualities within yourself.

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Letters

A New Girl Opens Hello Ladies.

I just wanted to tell you that I truly enjoy your magazine, and it is a pleasure to be a subscriber. Well I finally got around to taking some photos and decided to share my physical image with you and all other sisters who have not seen me.

I've been a crossdresser for many years now and love to go out as a woman. I also do shows in New York, mostly for the LGBT crowd.



I really enjoy showing my ladylike side. I am always honest with the people I meet, so there is never a misunderstanding. All of us T-gals have come a long way and we're more accepted in this world, it's only going to get better.

By the way I cannot wait to attend this year's "Beauty and the Beach." I know it is going to be really nice to meet and see the other sisters, and to see you, JoAnn and Angie. I so love you two.

Smooches,
Eyaniska Hernandez
Ste. 297.292
PO Box 2300
Newark, NJ 07114

P.S. Jasmine Demure, I would like to hear from you. Foxy Trouble Roxy, write me, as well as Sonia from British Canada, and to any one else who wants to get to know me and meet for some fun.

Performs on CD

Dear Joann and Angela,

Hi, it's me Roxanne Raven Storm. I really would like to thank you for sending me a subscription to Ladylike magazine and I really would like to thank you for printing and answering my letter with my photo in LL#51, and correcting the mistaken name from the photo in LL#52. I play lead guitar, sing, write, and record songs. I used to play in a rock band. (And now I'm looking for a rock band to play in.) I'm a lot different from all the other T-girls. I'm more like a butch fem, goth girl, punk rock type. I have short hair. I'm very conscious about my body. It's not that I'm ashamed of my own body, it's that I love to be more mysterious. In other words I don't like to wear any skimpy clothes. I mostly wear jeans, slacks, T-shirts,



long dresses, long skirts, cloaks, leather jackets, and biker boots. I mostly like dark color clothes, the basic stuff (including black) the only light color clothes I wear are white

blouses and white shirts. I don't do female impersonations and I don't lip sync. I sing and play my own songs that I wrote and play lead guitar. The name of my album is called Roxy Raven Storm-Emotional Moodswing Reasons. I'm in a slow process of getting a computer so I can burn my CD's and can give out my email address. I want to ask one question since I'm now a subscriber. When I mail in my photos how do I find and know my customer number?

Carry On,
Roxanne Raven Storm
Baltimore, MD
#4745

Keep on rockin' Roxanne. Your subscriber number is right there right after your hometown. All I had to do to get it was ask JoAnn. She's the keeper of the customer numbers. Now you're all set.

Spousal Rejection Syndrome

Dear Ladylike

I'm enclosing three pictures of myself taken at the Fantasia Fair last month, hope I'll see at least one of them in your next issue.

It was great being Liz again and I had a truly wonderful time. No sooner had I returned home when my wife greets me with, "Now that you've had your fun, it's time to put Liz away and return to the real world." That depressed me no end. Admittedly, there is an element of truth in it, we all, or most of us, have to resume the daily grind of making a living, and usually in our male personas, but why this sharp division between fantasy and reality? Can't they blend? Can't one become the other? I can't just put Liz away for ten months out of the year, she is very much a part of me and always will be. Why must the public, and in this case, my wife, regard us transgender folk as some rare species of bird, to be observed in our favorite habitats—such as



Provincetown? It can get pretty confusing and I apologize for rambling on. Any words of wisdom or insights from your side would be welcome.

Sincerely,
Elizabeth Hulbeck
PO Box 1731
Auburn, NY 13021

P.S. Regarding the pictures: I'm in my 73rd year, not bad for an old broad, not bad at all, if I do say so myself.

Honey if I look half as good at 73 I'll toot my own horn, too. As for the "fantasy and reality" dilemma, the things you do crossdressed are just as real as the things you do when you're in male mode. Your problem is that your wife married a man and not a lady and she'd rather have the man around. Being a CD in a relationship can be difficult since the spouse may have no ideas about being transgendered, and if you wait too long to tell her, or heaven forbid, she finds out by accident after you've been together for years the resolution process can take a long time. If you are a young, unmarried crossdresser then you should do all you can to meet partners who know about your crossdressing and be willing to spend some time discussing it with them. Then if you get married your spouse is aware of your needs and you don't have to save it up for one week out of the year. For those who are

in relationships and need some help JoAnn's book, "Coping With Crossdressing" and the companion DVD can be a real help.

A Liberated Woman Hi JoAnn.

Please renew my subscription to LadyLike! It's a wonderful resource for those of us who are trying to find quality friends here in the middle of the Bible Belt. I have corresponded with several people and it has been fun, even if I haven't met "the one" yet. (Still hoping though!)

I hope to get my act together enough so that I can send in a few photos of myself in the near future as I no longer have the excuse of trying to please (or hide from) my family. (For anyone who is still wondering, it seems impossible to come out gracefully later in life: you family either knows and resents you for lying to them or doesn't know and wishes you hadn't told them. Sigh.) A tip for your younger readers—being disowned by your family can be wonderfully liberating! I highly recommend it! (Unless of course you stand to inherit a few million dollars but even then, do you really want to wait until you're too old to pass easily?) Just make sure you are already set up in your own apartment first.

Best Wishes,
Kathryn Elliott
Marshall, MO

Being disowned may be a benefit because now you can dress as you like but it's also a heartache to be cut off from your relatives. Sadly every family deals with a TG member differently and because of the way our culture views transgender stuff it doesn't go well in most cases. One thing our younger readers should note is that it's a better idea to face the music and tell your parents and close relatives while you're young. That way you are spared living a lie for many years and pretending to just be normal, and there is the possibility that as time goes by they may seek to reconcile with you.

A Lady With Baggage Dear LadyLike,

In October I attended the Fantasia Fair 2005 in Provincetown MA. It was 4 days of bliss. No removing nail polish, wearing 2 different outfits each day, shopping or just walking around town without a worry in the world. This is an annual event where the town is basically taken over by us T-gals. The organizers of the event do an outstanding job as does JoAnn with her *Beauty and the Beach* event. This year the proceeds from the Follies show benefited senior citizens in Provincetown, a wonderful gesture for a worthy cause.



Imagine wearing what we love for four whole days. I took three wigs, seven pairs of shoes, my gown for the formal dinner, two cocktail dresses, five casual outfits and two weeks worth of pantyhose, jewelry galore and lots of makeup although I treated myself to two makeovers. I wore a corset for the first time and girl did that help pull in the waist. The weather cooperated for the most part except it rained on Saturday the night of the formal dinner.

This is actually my 4th "Be All" type of event (2 Paradise in the Poconos) and each one has great memories. You meet a lot of interesting people but unfortunately many do not stay in touch. It's the nature of our beast. I wish all of you could experience this wonderful feeling you have when you're not pressed for time and you just savor the moment of being who you are. I enclosed 4 photos from FF 2005. Hopefully you can publish some.

Sally

#4374

When I first heard about Fantasia Fair I thought it must be a little slice of heaven. Back in those days it went on for over a week and the idea of being able to dress enfemme for all those days in a row gave me goose bumps. I never made it to FF but I have attended events that kept me dressing for five days and I gotta say, that fifth day can be a challenge for both interest and the endurance of your skin. All that close shaving can be a pain and I found that once dressing as a woman became the norm then it wasn't that big a thrill. But, to each her own. The point is not how you enjoy your femme self but that you get out there and take advantage of the opportunities for fun that she offers you. Oh, and how do you tell who the crossdressers are when you're checking into a hotel? They're the ones with enough luggage to fill a truck. Dead giveaway.

Hoping For A Swimsuit Issue

Dear JoAnn:

You can't believe how wonderful

it was when I received my issue #63. After reading the "On My Mind" article in issue #62 I was devastated when I read that the righteous flock and hypocrites can inflict their views on such fantastic magazine that is printed in excellent taste and does so much for the TG/CD community. I was very depressed until I got my last magazine. There is no other magazine on the market that can compare with the very tasteful way in which this magazine is published. If people don't like the magazine, why did they buy it? They should check out the newsstands and just see the really offensive magazines that are on the shelf. I know what they are like and I don't have to buy them either. But I have no right to



force my views other people. I just hope that Ladylike will be around for a long time.

I am enclosing a photo of me in a swimsuit that maybe you can print in a swimsuit issue.

Well I hope I didn't offend anybody with my views. You have really made a lot of us gals feel good about ourselves. Right now I am trying to reform our CD/TG support group, Iowa Artistry. Keep up the great work.

Renee Miller

503 Keystone St.

Waterloo, Iowa

50703-1523

Workout Fan With Mirror Tips

Dear Angela,

I received my latest issue of LL (#63) just last week and of course read it from cover to cover. JoAnn's column was, as usual, very "timely" and a good use of "space." I was pleased to notice your appreciation of "theme photos" as done by Jennifer Lattimer in exercise gear. Please find enclosed my version of the exercise theme (and I really do the workouts) and another in a dance outfit. Keep up the great work and I'll send you a shot of my Betsy Johnson soon! Yours looked great on the BeAll page!

Can an old veteran give the newbies a tip? I recently learned from a glass specialist some interesting info regarding mirrors (are any of your readers reflecting?) Any cleaning solution containing ammonia is damaging to most mirrors. Ammonia eats into the silvering of mirrors and causes the "blotching" around the edges of many mirrors. It's much better to use clear water or any other cleaning spray specifically recommended for use on mirrors! Also remember an old tip from Heloise: Old newspaper is the best for cleaning glass of any type—no lint residue!

Hugs,

Cena Williams

#2710



without being able to reach out and share a love of femininity with another human being.

I read Dina's Diner and was



Secret). Keep those tips a comin' ladies.

Found Us Behind The Naughty Bits
Dear LadyLike.

I just recently discovered your delightful magazine quite by accident. I found a single copy tucked behind a bunch of explicit magazines. It was so nice to find a source of good information on our shared passion. I've already gotten some great tips and encouragement. I have been closeted for years. Even though I don't feel passable you have given me the courage to start



Thanks for the tips Cena. Remember ladies, if you're having trouble seeing your beauty in the mirror it may need a cleaning. But, Cena, if you use ammonia solutions sparingly you won't slop it over the back of the mirror and damage the silvering and sometime I find I need the ammonia to cut that caked on makeup.

Another Type of Tipster

Dear JoAnn and Angela.

I'm renewing my subscription to LadyLike. In issue #63 I noticed the letters and photos of several ladies I've corresponded with. I agree with Jackie about "the ability to find like-minded individuals to communicate with..." Life can be difficult enough

particularly interested in the section on Kira (formerly Tarek). I guess it just goes to show that you can't always presume how some people may react to transgenderism. I've enclosed a newspaper article with the section "Crossdressers are Welcome" that you might find of interest. I've also enclosed two photos for your consideration. I hope everyone there is doing well.

Love,
Beverly
#3903

With lovely and helpful ladies like you as readers we're all doing fine. I say "helpful" since your clipping served to inspire a segment in Dina's column this issue (Victoria's

venturing out on a limited basis. What an exciting and liberating experience! The night air swirling around my legs, the click of my heels on the pavement are just a sensory delight.

I'm enclosing a couple of photos,

including my take on your recent "schoolgirl look" article. I guess mine would be a goth schoolgirl. I hope you can use them. Thanks again for a great magazine.

Michelle

PO Box 80823

Austin, TX 78708

You look great honey! When you're that cute why worry about passing. Hey! Why worry about passing at all? Just get out and have fun. But remember to be careful when you venture out, especially at night. The lovely clicking of those heels might attract an undesirable element. Enjoy yourself but stay aware of your surroundings.

Photo Tips

Dear Ladylike,

I have been taking my own pics for a long time and I thought I would share my methods with our other girls. Even your cover girl, Barbara Roberts, wrote to me and asked who takes my pictures.

OK, here's Marilyn's Method to Better Picture Taking. You need three things: an auto 35MM camera is what I use, a tripod and a full length mirror. Set up your tripod and camera where you would like to shoot some photos. Place the mirror between the legs of the tripod and angle it to the right position. Look through the viewfinder and pick out an object on the ground (if you are outside it could be a leaf or small stone) so you know where to stand. Then adjust the mirror so when you are at that spot you can see your whole self. Then you can pose in the mirror from the spot to get the pose you like. Go back to the camera, set it on auto and fire away. Make sure you're in the mirror and near the object you picked so you don't blow it. The mirror and tripod and even the camera can be purchased at a Wal-Mart or Kmart. The mirror is light and can be placed in your trunk or SUV to go place of interest. Also, more girls should venture



outside for more pic opportunities. Marilyn finds early a.m. is best. Here are some outdoor pics done with this method.

Hugs to all,
Marilyn

We're running one here and the rest are in *Mirror-Mirror*. Not a bad idea on how to get your pose right when you want to take some shots. And Marilyn's on location photo shoot is one we always endorse. Varied backgrounds make a more interesting *Mirror-Mirror*.

A Beauty and The Beach Fan
Hi JoAnn.

Just a little note to say thank you for *Beauty and The Beach*. I had a wonderful time there. The town was great and I felt like a real lady walking to and from store to store. Here are a few pictures from this year and last year. Thank you again for organizing a great event. It was



wonderful to see all the friends I don't see all year.

Love,
Wendi Darling

And Another First Timer Closes
Dear JoAnn.

This is the first time I have written to your magazine but but I have been a reader for several years and have become an admirer. Yours is a very classy magazine that helps ease the anxiety for many who like me have become caught up in the fabulous world of femininity.

My crossdressing began years ago quite innocently after I answered an ad from a she-male who I began to correspond with and with her encouragement began to venture into her world, which at the time I considered bizarre and fascinating. In time I gradually began to dress



and, like so many others I found out, got caught up in the feelings, sensations and emotions. Needless to say, I could not stop and dressing became more frequent and more involved.

I have been writing to and receiving letters from a number of girls including Barbara and Beverly. I loved the feature on Barbara Roberts in issue #62! She truly is as sweet and kind as she is beautiful.

I am submitting my first photo to you in hopes it will be published and I can join the many other beautiful women who grace your pages each issue. It was taken at a professional transformation and

photo session (and) showed me what is possible and how femme I have become and can be. I would love to hear from other girls and men too. Please send a photo if you can and I will reply to all.

Love,
Stephanie Pierson
PO Box 277
Willington, CT 06279-0277

Congratulations Stephanie! Here's your first photo in *LadyLike*. I hope that she-male who recruited you got her toaster. (Ya get a toaster if you bring one over. It's in the rule book.) She found us a real cutie and we hope you'll send lots of photos to share with everyone. And all you other girls who haven't sent us any photos yet, be like Eyaniska (who is also a first timer) and Stephanie and get us your photos!



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A Legend In Gender Reassignment Surgery Has Passed Away

On January sixteenth 2006, Dr. Stanley H. Biber died in a Pueblo, Colorado hospital from complications of pneumonia.

Stanley Harold Biber was born on May 4, 1923, in Des Moines, Iowa. He graduated high school at 16 and enrolled in a yeshiva in Chicago, intending to become a rabbi. He gave up his studies to go to work for the Office of Strategic Services, the forerunner of the CIA, during World War II. After the war he earned a medical degree at the University of Iowa in 1948.



Dr. Stanley Biber giving a lecture to a New Jersey TG support group in 1992.

(Photo courtesy of CDS.)

Dr. Biber did his residency in the Panama Canal Zone and then joined the Army, where he was the chief surgeon of a M.A.S.H. unit during the Korean War. It was after his service in 1954 that he took a job at a United Mine Workers clinic in Trinidad. He had originally planned to stay there only a year or two. He stayed for 15 years and wound up working at Trinidad's Mount Saint Rafael hospital and running his

own private practice in general medicine before his real life's work began.

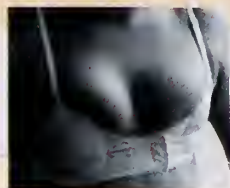
In 1969 something occurred which changed both Dr. Biber and the town of Trinidad dramatically. Dr. Biber had been working with a woman at the hospital, a social worker, who one day approached him about performing an operation. She told him she admired the fine work he did repairing the harelips of children that she sent to him through her office and thought he had the skills to do some delicate surgery on her. She revealed to him that she was actually a man who was living as a woman. Dr. Biber agreed to perform the surgery, obtained a set of hand drawn diagrams of what needed to be done from Johns Hopkins University, and performed his friend's gender reassignment surgery.

In 2004 he told *The Rocky Mountains News* of that first operation, "It looked like hell. It was terrible. But it functioned, and she was very happy with it because it functioned."

Word spread that there was a doctor who did sex change surgery in Trinidad and soon the town became the "sex-change capital of the world." Dr. Biber had performed over 4000 reassignments since he started in 1969. In 2003, when he was no longer able to obtain malpractice insurance, he gave up his GRS practice and passed it on to his protégé, Dr. Marci Bowers. Since then he maintained a small private practice in general medicine until he was taken ill in January of this year.

He is survived by his wife, Mary Lee, seven children, seven stepchildren; and 22 grandchildren.

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USA**

Beauty And The Beach 2005



*The 2005 Princess and her Court.
From l. to r. standing: Miss Ingenue,
Jayne; Miss Congeniality, Jean;
Miss Sophistication, Joanne. Seated,
Princess 2005, Sharon.*



*Our good friend and this
year's event photographer,
Allison M.*



*Below: the girls chill out in the
Hospitality Room after hours.*

*At left our bartender Maria,
Misty Roxx in the center and
restaurant manager Valerie.*





JoAnn Roberts and friend perform
"Hey Big Spender" in the Phantasie
Phollies show.



Dancin' the night away



Morgan Stevens



A cartoon anime character
for the costume party.



They didn't get the "memo"
about the anime theme!



Mary Alice



*Will you be
there this year?*

Pay to the
order of:

Reality Check

Angela Gardner



It's that time again my lovely little readers! Time for a new issue of LadyLike! Lately, as we older women are wont to do, I have been thinking of times gone by.

When I first began to go out it was back in the early '80s and the

only places for a crossdresser to go in the Philadelphia area were gay bars. You could go to some of the gay places where they presented drag shows and not worry about being hassled by drunk straight guys. Sometimes you could meet straight girls there who had come to the show with their hairdressers. But, as far as going out and being accepted by the general public in straight places, that was something I avoided doing since I was just too darned timid. I had been hiding my desire to dress up as a lady for too long and so the idea of being seen by any "normal" people in my femme mode was very scary.

I made a big step forward by attending a party in the Poconos that was run by Joyce Dewhurst. Joyce would take over a hotel for the weekend and crossdressers from all over the east coast (and farther afield) would drive in with large piles of luggage to dress up and party. This event was the one that JoAnn Roberts inherited and turned into Paradise in The Poconos. (Now Beauty At The Beach.) There, while I still remained isolated from the general public, I met other people who liked to go out to nightclubs in New York City where the crowd was so cosmopolitan that men in drag were seen as a positive feature. Soon I was traveling to NYC on a weekly crossdressed party quest. We hit all the big clubs and my loveliness was exposed to large masses of straight people. (I still fondly recall a woman at The Palladium saying to her friend as I walked past in a fabulous red halter dress, "You mean that's a man?") Since Manhattan is so sophisticated that it's been called the world's largest closet, my pals and I only raised a few eyebrows and upset some "bridge and tunnel" people. Which was funny since by definition "entering

Manhattan over a bridge or through a tunne" I was one of them.

After doing my thing at countless New York parties from The Limelight to Tavern on The Green I started to find places in Philadelphia where hip people hung out.

In the early 90s there was a party on Monday nights called Vagabond. The hook being that the party was in a different club every Monday night. The same crowd would show up but the place would be different. You

had to get a flyer before you left in order to find out where the party was on the next Monday. Another party, produced by one of the guys who ran Vagabond, was called Swingers. As the name implied it was a party that had an emphasis on sex. They showed old Russ Myer porno videos on televisions behind the bar and there was entertainment in the form of an S&M show alternating with a set by a couple of scantily clad exotic dancers (a male/female couple). The really cool thing was that women got in for free and drank for free. And they accepted me as a woman! Of course the cheap gin in those gin and tonics was probably what gave me these ulcers.

Throughout all of this I was gaining confidence and with greater confidence came the ability to start going into any place I felt like going. In the past few years I've begun to go to upscale straight places where, even if people are upset that there might be a man in a dress sitting down the bar, they won't say anything or make a fuss since they're too darned civilized. And, I've started to present my own parties for crossdressers (www.tgat12.tv). At one of them, Angela's Laptop Lounge, the straight restaurant crowd ends up staying and mingling with my crowd and we're all just humans having a good time.

It took several years of effort for me to find any information on crossdressing back in the early 80s and start to get out with other CDs. Today all you have to do is Google "crossdresser" and you get thousands of pages. (Heck, if you Google "Angela Gardner" you get about fifty pages.) It can take some effort to sort out the purely sex oriented sites from the ones with good information but it's still a lot easier than the quest I went through twenty some years ago. This availability of information has led to a far greater transgender presence in the media. Just recently I caught a Larry King Live that featured Felicity Huffman talking about the film Transamerica. Then Larry brought out a transgender panel with MtF and FtM representation and talked with sex therapist and gender specialist Dr. Michele Angello (www.yoursexdocs.com). While Larry

had trouble “getting it” he asked good questions and allowed the panelists and Dr. Angello to educate him and his audience.

While transgender issues still remain shocking to some and they are still being used by producers of talk shows to get ratings, the way TGs are being portrayed in the media has definitely changed. There’s more emphasis on educating the viewer and less on the rowdiness of earlier shows like Morton Downey Jr. or Jerry Springer. A reality series titled *TransGenerations* ran on the Sundance Channel last year and followed a group of transgendered college students. Since the year 2000 the following films have featured crossdressing as a central plot element: *Big Momma’s House* (2000), *The Last of the Blonde Bombshells* (featuring Sir Ian Holm as a crossdressing drummer in an all-girl band; 2000), *All the Queen’s Men* (2001), *Sorority Boys* (2002), *Juwanna Mann* (2002), *White Chicks* (2004), *Kinky Boots* (2005), *Breakfast on Pluto* (2005) (written and directed by Neil Jordan who brought us *The Crying Game*) and *She’s The Man* (2006). Comedian Tyler Perry has made a career of dressing up as an older black lady in several films (what is it with young black men dressing up like old black ladies?) and in 2004 crossdressing became the twist on the reality series “He’s A Lady.” (Also in the world of crossdressing show biz there’s the great success of proud transvestite comic Eddie Izzard and the continued success of Dame Edna.)

While many of the films (and the reality show) used crossdressing as a comic device they also showed men beginning to care about how their butts looked in a certain outfit. The message in many of the films seemed to be, What’s the big deal about guys dressing up? With this much exposure to crossdressing and transgender issues it’s no wonder I’m seeing less of a problem relating to the general public when I go out. They still may

not understand why I’m doing what I’m doing but hey, we don’t really know why we do it ourselves. It’s just fun! And who can’t relate to having a bit of fun now and then?

Thanks For All Your Help!

We are constantly working to make *LadyLike* better. Every issue we try to improve and to help us do that we have asked you, the readers, to improve the pictures you send us and you’ve made a great effort. Lots of you have sent pictures with different backgrounds, you’ve worked on varying your poses and I think we can see that *Mirror-Mirror* has gotten sexier. If you have any other ideas for features we could add to the magazine feel free to let me know. You can either write to the office or, since it’s the 21st century—email me. My email address is angela@cdspub.com. You can also email me your digital photos so I don’t have to get worn out scanning prints. Just attach them to an email and include the same contact info you would if you were mailing photos. I only ask that you make sure they high resolution so we can reproduce them in the magazine. (If they are only 72 dpi [dots per inch] they won’t be good for printing.) And if you can please make them into an archive so that I don’t get an email with sixteen photos attached to it. I can open Stuffit and Zip archives. If you don’t know how to send photos electronically then just keep mailing them in. Feel free to send us letters to the editor via email as well.

Now, get all gussied up and sit down in a lady like manner to read this issue of *LadyLike*!



Angela Gardner (R) and her pals Terry (Center) and Kaelin (L)
brought in the new year by going out on the town.

Mirror Mirror

Lowla Valentine,
Wisconsin



Barbara Roberts,
PO Box 6372,
Baltimore, MD
21230-0372



Elizabeth
Hulbeck



Cena Williams,
#2710



Cute Louise,
NJ



Bad Tinkerbell

By Foxy "Trouble" Roxy

Boo! Happy Halloween! Since this past Halloween fell on a Monday most local nightclubs held their Halloween costume parties on Saturday night. I decided to go as Tinkerbell this year—the bad tinkerbell! Outfitted in a black corset, matching petticoat, fishnet-pantyhose and stripper mules, I called up Juan (John) the man I've been seeing and asked him to accompany me to the straight danceclubs. He laced me into the corset and attached my wings to complete the costume. Then he snapped photos before we headed out the door.

Fly or Drive?

But I discovered I couldn't sit in the car with my wings attached (perhaps I should've flown!)! So, Juan removed them and I threw them in the back seat just in case and we headed to the clubs downtown.

At one 'happening' club we waited in line among costumed party-goers for twenty minutes to get in. When we reached the entrance, we were asked to present ID! I fumbled through my purse to buy time (I didn't want to risk embarrassment when the doorman sees my boy mug on my driver's licence) and it worked—he waved us through. Inside, I blended right in and Juan and I looked down the balcony to admire the sea of wild costumes below on the dancefloor.

Good thing I didn't wear my wings, because I wouldn't have been able to sit when I went to use ladies' room!

After tiring of that club, Juan took me to the ground-floor bar of a ritzy hotel downtown, where we had a drink or two while watching the live musical group perform onstage.

Watch Where You Point That Wand!

Before the night was over we ended up at a third club. By that time I was feeling a bit tipsy and sat on Juan's lap and bounced, assuming no one would notice. I was having a ball so at closing I urged him snap more pics of me out on the sidewalk. I think a gust of wind blew by and somehow I lost my petticoat—completely gone! And Juan kept snapping photos—even as people walked by! Boy, was I embarrassed. But I recovered quickly when the guys gave me cat-calls and whistled. A few photos later and Juan whisked me away, after a crowd of fans began to form! Hmm... maybe next year I'll shuck the costume altogether and go as Lady Godiva!



TAPESTRY OF BROKEN DREAMS

THE GROOMING OF CHAMELEON SPICE

By Roxanne VanNess

Extremely tardy, Dad drove the family van up to the curb to give me a lift. You know what? Despite the time element and chilly weather I preferred walking home. Clad in designer flannel shirt, corduroy pants, and sneakers, I felt snug and warm.

Upon arriving I noticed that a quintet of young women had just moved into the apartment below ours—one of them Melanie Brown, a.k.a, Scary Spice! (I couldn't identify any of her piquant roommates. You see, Ginger, Sporty, Posh, and Baby had long ago bolted the original group.) Moreover, they'd begun prepping for an upcoming live show! Awesome!

Perceiving me a "kindred spirit" and, hence, some sort of good-luck charm (performers are notoriously superstitious), the gals extended an impromptu invitation—cautioning that I remained welcome only if I didn't utter a peep! Er, something didn't make sense here. We lived in a two and a half room flat, whereas

the downstairs unit included a sprawling stage, multiple rows of seats and a fully equipped recording studio! What, no state of the art orchestra pit?

Oops! Nature called. (I hadda pee!) Ergo, I trotted upstairs to take care of business. Admittedly, I rushed my return (after combing hair, checking teeth for traces of lipstick, and whisk-brooming clothes)! That music complex intrigued me. (For one thing, I shuddered at how much rent they must have committed to paying!)

Now, my mother, brimming with genuine concern, suggested that I make myself a little more "presentable" prior to going back—and that I bring along some tasty morsels when I did. (Coincidentally, she'd baked a slew of pies and tarts. Good, old Mom!)

(Sigh.) In deference to maternal wisdom, I shaved my underarms and calves, wiggled into a tank top and tight knee-length skirt, then waddled down two flights of stairs toting melon slices, sandwiches, lemonade and assorted desserts. A paltry ten minutes, and already my platformed feet hurt! (Hell hath no fury like a woman's corn.)

For some reason, Mel seemed transfixed by my appearance. (Could have been because I'd assumed "Deneece" mode for the better part of a month. Still, beats me why it never occurred to Ms. Brown that I didn't resemble either of my parents. Maybe she thought I'd been adopted.) Babbling on and on about my "smashing looks," she strongly advised that I audition for a spot as New Spice Girl number six! I couldn't believe my big

ears! (True, I remained quite capable of waxing alto.) Yet could I get away with the deception indefinitely? Or would somebody discover that I was of the "masculine" persuasion?)

No matter. We skipped into the bedroom. (Metaphorically! Hey, give us credit for a degree of decorum, okay?) Mel offered a chair. Trying to maintain de-rigueur propriety throughout the interview I choreographed all body language, smoothed my posterior, fluffed up my curls and, when she crossed her sleek legs, I crossed mine. Alas, somewhat nervous, I dropped my left shoe. (A ghastly faux-pas!)

Well, those four replacement gals, considerably younger than yours truly, proved forces to contend with! Bundles of energy, they sang, danced played a spectrum of musical instruments, even dabbled in standup comedy! I had my work cut out for me. (All I could play was sports and the radio.) Thank goodness I'd kept myself in excellent physical condition!

Gung-ho to the max, we practiced and practiced, rehearsed and rehearsed until I found myself alone, lying in bed! (Huh?) What happened? Did I join the ranks of the all-female band or not? Hello!

DIS-PURSED!

"Kathleen" (i.e., moi-meme) out for another of her infamous strolls, this jaunt in the early evening, came to encounter her long time friend, Claire. As we were comparably attired (winter coats, woolen gloves, knee high boots, etc.) I asked her if we could travel together. She didn't mind.

However, mere seconds later, another acquaintance of Claire's (a stranger to me) overtook us via my left flank. Claire, to my right, suddenly accelerated! ("Hey, girl! Wassup?) With people scurrying every which way, it seemed as if I'd been catapulted back into a silent movie sequence! Whoa!

Claire crossed the traffic-filled boulevard toward a subway station, while her anonymous cohort, blended amid the crowd! It was then that I realized my purse and a large parcel I had been cradling had vanished! Holy cow! What about my cash? My keys? My guy I.D.?

Who had swiped my stuff, and who had served as a decoy? On a hunch I followed Claire's trail into the metro terminal. Inside sat a mosaic of kiosks, manned (and womaned) by aggressive vendors. Somehow suspecting my handbag might prove one of the items

on display, I darted from booth to booth, inspecting the merchandise.

Now, I did find a bag identical in color, texture, and style to my own—albeit in a wretched state! Obviously, a tattered look alike.

In spite of meticulous, scrutiny over an extended visit, my search proved fruitless. (Luckily, I'd stashed a spare set of keys inside my girdle. At least I could wallow in self-pity within the comfortable confines of home.)

As I dawdled momentarily, my surroundings went blank! What the...?

I know. I know. What a lame story. But bear with me please! There's method to my madness.

The Pits

This morning I'd dressed absolutely impeccably. A stylish beige business suit: tank top, jacket, skirt, hose, and heels. The light shade accentuated my exotically dark hair and skin. I moved with an air of confidence. I felt good about myself!

Notwithstanding the ecstasy of the moment, an "admirer" neared! Tension seized my body! However, after giving me one puzzled glance, then another, he continued on his way. To my relief, his priority had switched to talking with a colleague. (My guess? He hadn't quite figured what to make of me.) My antiperspirant had passed its initial test!

Down a hill I sauntered, when, to my dismay, I became disoriented. Every pace brought me closer to the seedier sector of the downtown core! Baffled, I opted to backtrack up the incline to the main shopping corridor, where hopefully I'd get a glimpse of the elusive financial district.

All too soon it became apparent that a tall, skinny fellow was following me! To make matters worse, it happened to be Brian, a friend of mine from the past! (Picture a cross between Ichabod Crane and Prince Charles.) This abrupt turn of events rated as the pits! Conceivably this guy could recognize "Deneece" as a white wolf in black ewe's clothing!

The moment of truth! "Excuse me, Miss? Have we met before?" (No pickup line here. He was right.) "Er, no," I fibbed, not stopping for chit chat. If I detoured to the university, I theorized, I might evade my well-meaning-yet-dangerous pursuer! (My deodorant shifted into overtime!)

He persisted, his loping strides overtaking my dainty steps! (In retrospect, maybe I should have tackled him during our last touch football game. Hard.) "There's a distinct familiarity in your eyes!" (Had he said "legs" I'd have felt insulted.) I reprogrammed to cruising speed.

After an eternity, I reached the campus, entered the main building, and scampered into the stationery

supplies room—locking the door! Perhaps now I'd be safe?

Hardly. In seconds, Brian's grinning mug appeared—nose pressed flat against the tiny 12" by 12" window! Evidently, he didn't give up easily! Frantic, I grabbed a large piece of cardboard and taped it over the glass surface. (Hallelujah! Limitless scholastic furnishings!)

Nevertheless, I knew he was out there! I could sense his presence! Fine. I was prepared to wait—hours, if necessary—for an inevitable departure. (Why me?)

To add insult to injury, my antiperspirant finally failed! Yuck!

Caught flatfooted (even though I'd left my flip-flops at home) I witnessed the storage facility fade to black! Not again!

OUT OF MY LEAGUE

I'd just disembarked from the 17:30 northbound, when a young woman on roller blades (think Olive Oyl with Julia Louis Dreyfus coif) approached from behind. (How she fluidly negotiated that bumpy-and-rut-filled path was beyond me.) For some reason, I decided to "introduce" myself by pouncing into her way and applying a solid bodycheck! (How thoroughly Neanderthal.) Of course, the tactic resulted in her being thrust headlong onto a nearby patch of crabgrass! (Ouch!)

After an outburst of puellar scowling/screaming/stammering/screeching about having regretted seeing my sorry hide aboard the commuter train et. al., the conversation shifted to an unrelated topic.

"Today's your birthday?", she queried.

"Thursday was," I clarified.

Stoically, she shook my hand. I was touched. Still, ever in a macho mood, I reciprocated by squeezing a smidgen too firmly! (What was my problem, anyway?) Whatever.

The following morning I reported for work at the Hudson Bay Company's downtown branch/regional headquarters. (Historical fact, Founded in 1670, as a fur-trading enterprise H.B.C. is Canada's oldest department store chain.) Breathless, a female coworker gasped that the C.E.O. wished to confer with me—pronto! Yikes! The grand kahuna! Had I done something wrong? My mind in turmoil, I commandeered the first available elevator to his swanky 6th floor office.

It turned out that Mr. Head Honcho wanted to thank me for my numerous years of loyal service—and mark my birthday to boot!

"Today is the day, right?", he hypothesized.

"Thursday was," I corrected.

"Well, fret not. Happy birthday, nonetheless!

To my astonishment, he handed me a mini-chest housing brand-new commemorative currency: a few

pennies, a couple of dimes, a U.S. quarter, plus \$600 gold piece! Wow! (Didn't know the Royal Canadian Mint struck \$600 coins, did you?)

Even my parents attended the ceremony—flabbergasted by the value of the gift! (Specifically, Mom beamed with pride; Dad, a hockey junkie, kept eyeing the television monitor.

Spotlight or no, I had to get back to the job! Offering a rash of profuse apologies, I jogged to the exit. Unfortunately, a customer either clumsily or on purpose, knocked the lidded container out of my hands causing the money to soar skyward, then scatter hither and thither! Needless to say necessity dictated my dropping down onto all fours to scour the area—lifting the edge of a musty carpet to retrieve the final copper.

Holy moley! Now I'd really fallen behind schedule! I rode from the 6th floor, to the 7th hoping things hadn't started without me!

As the doors slid open, I beheld an immense room featuring two parallel rows of ornate chairs. To my left sat the legendary—and incredibly amicable—Justice League of America! Heck, Superman, Wonder Woman, and the Green, Lantern actually rose to say hi! (Conversely, I thought the Martian Manhunter—alias J'onn J'onzz—acted a tad aloof, if not downright uppity! But making such an observation would smack of political incorrectness, wot?)

I marched to the rear of the hall and curled right. My seat—designated “Lara M.” stood second in line. (Obviously, the master carpenter had goofed big time. The inscription should have read “Daria, Beznowski”.) Immediately, I focused my attention on the babe occupying the adjacent throne, none other than Teri Hatcher!

“You're late!”, she scolded.

“I know,” I confessed. “The entrepreneurial powers that be enhanced ye olde personal treasury with a substantial pecuniary remuneration!”

“Quit showing off with the fancy schmancy vocabulary. Speak normal English!”

“Sorry. I've just come from a pow-wow with the big chief himself! He honored me with an expensive birthday present! Isn't that fantastic?”

“Today's your birthday?”

“Thursday was.”

“How nice!,” she smiled, sweetly and sincerely.

Teri and “Daria” were girlfriends—not to mention a crime fighting twosome! (Sort of a “desperate duo”?) In fact, once in character, I gave even my partner some serious pulchritudinous competition (Okay. She rated prettier—by a huge margin! I readily admit it.)

Sadly, I hadn't had time to change. Whereas everyone

else looked ultra spliffy (Teri a certified knockout in her red-and-white leotard, cheerleader skirt, elbow length gloves, and stiletto ankle boots) , there I languished, a crummy man in civvies! Fittingly, a dark, curly wig lying inertly in the shadows seemed to mock me. (“Daria,” you see constituted the energetic blonde component of the team.) How totally embarrassing!

Given the overwhelming desire to slink away and put on my face I remained duty-bound not to budge. To be honest, I felt like crawling into a hole and dying! (No fair, gloating, Martian Manhunter! You possess the power to alter your shape at will!)

Reluctantly, I sat down. A moment later, the meeting was called to order.

And that's precisely when I woke up! Aw, come on! No fair! This was one adventure I wanted to play out to its conclusion! Send me back! Send me back!

Terrific. If that's the way the cookie crumbled, I'd invent a grand finale! Rather, I'd concoct two! (Subscribers, feel free to indicate your preferences—option “A” or “B”.)

First, however, the following...

INTERPRETATION

There you have it. Subconscious testimony confirming my classically transvestite status! Subconscious, declare I? Correctamundo! The preceding “tapestry” (no connection to the glossy publication) described four bona-fide dreams! Dreams with a common theme. In these, and all others in my repertory, I've starred as a no-frills male and/or a male-to-female crossdresser! Never—jamaais—have I acted out the role of a genetic female!

Oh, sure, I powder my nose and slip on pantyhose one leg at a time, just like hundreds of millions of the alluring creatures! Yet this doesn't imply that I've defected to the “vaginal” side. No, color me a dude who craves flowing locks and floral-print frocks!

That said, I promised a twin-pronged finish, didn't I?

OUT OF MY LEAGUE (EPILOGUE)

(A) Happy ending: I ultimately retreated to the dressing room. Two hours later Teri and “Daria” burst forth into the great outdoors, yet again to rescue the planet from the forces of evil! All right!

(B) Unhappy ending: I ultimately retreated to the dressing room. In the interim, J'onn J'onzz metamorphosed into “Daria,” bamboozled Teri into believing the hoax, and the pair burst forth into the great outdoors to rescue the planet from the forces of evil! Officially expendable, I got fired. Didn't even merit a chance to lather up the other leg. The next day my mailman delivered an outstanding invoice for \$600.50. No charge for the velveteen-lined box.

Night Moves

Out With Gina & Pat

By Gina Lake & Pat Diehn

"Hey, **Gina Lake**, where do you want to go Friday night?" "I know a great place where they have gotten to know and love T's." "Okay, Miss **Gina Lake**, where is that?" "Glad you asked me that, my dear **Pat**! You know. Let's head to **Trophy's**... for some fun, excitement and good food."

Just northwest of the **Chicago** O'Hare Airport in Arlington Heights, Illinois, right off Route 53 and Euclid, next to the Arlington Park Race Track is the Sheraton Hotel Chicago Northwest Hotel. (3400 W. Euclid, 847.394.2000) This is where **Chicago's Be-All** Transgender Convention was held in 2005 and where it will be again this June 6-11. The staff and bartenders really like us! We always receive good, friendly service. When you come to **Chicago**, make it a point to visit the

Sheraton Hotel's Trophy Sports Bar. During weekends, the bar can really hop. Often, folks attending events at the hotel wander in, looking to be social over a drink. Relax in the comfy arm chairs around the tables. Enjoy watching big screen monitors while munching on complimentary popcorn at the bar. Make new friends over a beer or two. From shooting pool to enjoying tunes from the juke box, it's the place to be. Dress ranges from casual to fancy, so come in your best or be that jean-wearing chick and enjoy yourself.

Hungry? The food is tasty. Served until 10 p.m., dining is casual and reasonably priced, including pizza, nachos, sandwiches, soups and more. "Hey, Gina, I want one of those huge burgers and fries!" "Me too!" If you need a full menu, the hotel features restaurants from casual to formal dining, with a range of moderately priced to more expensive culinary delights.

The Sheraton's **Trophy Sports Bar**! Stop in.

Trophy Sports Bar

Sheraton Hotel Chicago Northwest Hotel.

3400 W. Euclid

847.394.2000

TG In Philly

Philadelphia is known for cheesesteaks (no, not a filet mignon with cheese melted on it), **Ben Franklin** and a string of **Rocky** movies. What it hasn't been known as is a mecca for transgendered girls who want to party with their friends and admirers. It's been left up to **New York** and **Washington** to carry that burden on the east coast. Now, our own **Angela Gardner** has done something about the lack of TG party spots in the **City of Brotherly Love**.

Last year **Angela** started a party called **TG@L2**. **L2** is a nice restaurant and bar in **Philadelphia's Center City West District** and their second floor called out for a party. **Angela** had been there when she modeled for a photo shoot that ran several issues ago in **LadyLike** and she was impressed with how cool it would be to have a transgender party there. Her thinking was, "why travel to **New York** or **Washington** when we can have our own parties by and for TG people right here?"

Since the first party in April of 2005 **Angela** has branched out and taken her parties on the road locally. In the suburbs of **Philadelphia** she found an Asian fusion restaurant that was open to the idea of monthly TG parties and **Angela's Laptop Lounge** at **Shangrila** was born. It's called the **Laptop Lounge** not because of any lap dancing activities (although, that could happen) but because **Angela** does the DJ work herself and plays tunes directly from her laptop computer. The music ranges from obscure 70s tunes and contemporary electronic ambiance to 80s music and deep house. The

bar is great and the crowd is large and friendly.

In the city of **Philadelphia** **Angela** produces a new party called **TG@Sal's**. **Sal's** on 12th is a bar in the heart of **Philadelphia's** "gayborhood" and their second floor space is ideally suited for a great party. They even have a pool table! There is a parking lot right across the street and several parking garages within easy walking distance in pumps. **Angela's** parties at **Sal's** started in February. Both events are monthly. The **Laptop Lounge** is the third Saturday of the month and **TG@Sal's** happens on the fourth Saturday.

For more info on **Angela's** parties for TGs, their friends and admirers visit her website: www.tgatl2.tv



Miss Emily Sheldon (L) and our own Dina Amberle (R) pause for a photo before ordering their favorite cocktail at Angela's Laptop Lounge.



Anyone can show up at one of Angela's parties! Here Sister Rose (portrayed by The Divine Miss Jimmi) gets ready to punish Neweva Gabor for not being slutty enough.

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EDNA ROCKS!

BY
VICKY
VOGUE



In January our reporter, Vicky Vogue (Current Queens, LL#64), caught up with Dame Edna Everidge during her appearance in Colorado on her Back With A Vengeance Tour. By the time you read this the Dame will have done her east coast leg and be working her way back west with appearances in Los Angeles and Scottsdale, Arizona. If you can catch her act it's a hoot and if you can't here is just a sample of the Dame in action.

Recently I caught up with world renowned megastar Dame Edna in Denver, Colorado, where she is appearing in her one woman show "Back With A Vengeance." I was generously granted a fifteen minute audience with her which I began by shrieking "Oh my God! Is it really you?" Great lady that she is she handled my outburst graciously saying, "It is really me" and thus began what was more like a girlfriend chat than an interview. We just went on like we were

Carrie and Samantha in an episode of "Sex And The City".

I started by enquiring if the cowboys in Colorado have been treating her with the respect she deserves. She knew right away I was slyly suggesting Ennis and Jack. She sniffed disdainfully "Oh that horrible movie. It was way too long. And cowboys actually bore me". I wanted to ask her if she was planning a Brokeback tryst but decided that would not be a good idea.

Instead I changed the subject to talk about her countrymen from down under. "You know I have a famous drama school in Melbourne" she said. "Mel, Russell and Nicole were my students. If you watched them get their academy awards you would have seen them silently but reverently mouthing the words, "Thank you, Edna". Then with a girlish trill in her voice she said "My latest drama student is Erik Bana". To myself I thought "You mean your latest hunk du jour" but of course I didn't say that. Clearly she is



quite smut with young Erik. (That's smut as in the past tense of smitten).

When she mentioned Nicole I naturally asked her about Tom thinking she would dish about their breakup and his recent capers on television. All she would say is, "When they broke up Nicole cried on my shoulder but Tom couldn't because he'd have had to stand on a chair to do so." As far as Tom's bizarre behavior she said only, "He does need help but I can't help everybody."

I told Edna I saw her first show on tour in Toronto in 2001. I caught one of the lovely gladioli she throws to the clamoring crowd and that I still sleep with it every night. "I have my gladioli shipped twice a week from Australia," she said. I was awed by her lavishly spending so much money just to please her rapturous fans. Her largesse is truly boundless.

I wondered how the new show would be different from the one I saw in Toronto. "Oh my dear," she happily enthused, "I am doing many wonderful new things. I do marriage counseling. I do psychic readings. I radiate a beautiful feeling of optimism." Clearly the Dame has expanded greatly. She said, "You and I are so alike dear Vicky. We bring happiness and color and movement to the world." I was astonished at

how well she understands me.

We talked about the kind of theaters we've both appeared in and it was clear that Edna is more into rococo than minimal. Certainly her son Kenny is into rococo. Look at the dresses he designs for her. They have more gold leaf than the Sistine Chapel. "Kenny is becoming an international superstar in the world of couture," she boasted proudly. I asked if he was anything like Bob Mackie and she replied, "Oh, he's much more cutting edge than Bob". We agreed that dear Bobby has rather had his day and it's time he stepped aside for fresher talents. Let's face it when you have to hawk your wares on QVC it's not a good sign. Edna didn't really say that, because she's too nice, but I could tell she was thinking it.

Speaking of QVC made us think of Joan Rivers the empress of home shopping. "Was Joan on the Golden Globes?", she

asked. "I couldn't watch it because I was onstage that night", I said I didn't see Joan but I guess she was somewhere around still pushing poor Melissa. And I asked Edna why Joan isn't nice like she is. "I guess she must be insecure," she quipped. Then for some unknown reason she segued to plastic surgery. It was almost like Joan Rivers made her think of it. "I don't need to have cosmetic surgery," she said, "because I have inner happiness." I wasn't quite sure I got the connection on that one, but I let it go.

Then she confessed



that she had gone to a famous spa in Los Angeles though. "They are famous for their coffee enemas," she explained and the way she described it sounded positively life threatening. "My top half went to sleep," she said, "and my bottom half stayed awake. I think both halves should sleep together Vicky."

I mentioned that I heard a rumor about Dame Edna possibly being the next desperate housewife. She quickly quashed that saying, "my dear I was the ORIGINAL desperate housewife." Then she revealed a fact I had not known. "I have a daughter named Valmai" she said. "And not for a million dollars would I allow Valmai to appear onstage with me the way poor Joan does with Melissa."

Being from the Buffalo area I felt I should ask Edna if she had any special plans for my town and did I get the surprise of my life. "I am planning to build a theme park on the Buffalo waterfront," she said. "It's going to be a urological theme park and it will be called PROSTATE WORLD." (She is famous for being a champion of the prostate.) "I am the founder and governor of The Friends Of The Prostate" she said proudly. She is thinking of doing something for the deviated septum also. "They are being overlooked," she said of these neglected organs. "I call them the Cinderella body parts."

Dame Edna said she thinks Vicky Vogue is "whimsical". Yes, that was what she called me when I said I think we are twins that were separated at birth. I told her I will be front row center for her show in Buffalo. "Now don't you be a scene stealer," she

gently admonished me. As if I ever could. No one could EVER upstage the Great Dane... er, Dame. I plan to dress down for the occasion. Basic black and pearls probably. Oh but that sounds like Barbara Bush and I look too much like her already. Perhaps I will do virginal white and preggie (how is that for a contradiction in terms?) like Little Gwynnie (Paltrow) on the Golden Globes.

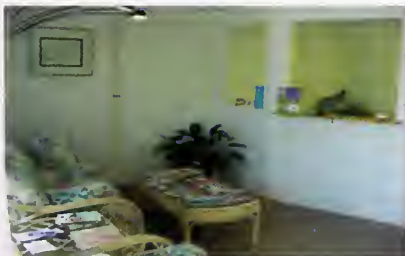
Before we bade our fond farewells darling Edna said, "I am going to visit your website vickyvogue.com and write you there often." We want to continue to bond like the kindred spirits that we are.

This interview was first published in About magazine. For more info on Dame Edna's Back With A Vengeance Tour visit www.dame-edna.com.

Vicki Vogue



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Current Queens

by Sarah Thomas

It's back to Buffalo for this issue's Current Queen. I'm beginning to think that they put Nice Pills in the water there because Vanity Vogue is every bit as charming, genuine, and friendly as her "Drag mother" Vicky Vogue whom I interviewed last issue. What makes Vanity even more interesting is that, apart from performing in drag, she is a bona fide crossdresser.

ST: Hi Vanity, thanks for agreeing to be interviewed. I understand you just had a big night.

VV: Oh yes, I performed at Shea's, it's a huge theater. As a matter of fact Dame Edna just played there. We had five acts including the Rat Pack complete with Marilyn and Dean Martin. It was even more special because it was my birthday.

ST: I saw the pictures they're great. Tell us a bit about yourself.

VV: Well, I'm originally from Dallas, Texas, but I grew up in Buffalo. I lived in San Francisco for a few years but I came back. I've been doing

drag ever since I can remember. I remember begging my mom to let me dress up. One of the best memories was my aunt dressing me up totally as a girl and taking me to the fire hall for a Halloween contest. They were separating the boys and girls and I quite naturally went to the boy's side but the judge told me

I was in the wrong line!

ST: That sounds like every crossdresser's fantasy. So you consider yourself a crossdresser then?

VV: Very much so. As a matter of fact when I was in my teens I felt like a girl trapped in the wrong body.

ST: But you never made steps toward transitioning?

VV: No, things were different then. I never had any work done nor have I taken hormones. Now I know girls who have and I've had to compete against them and sometimes it puts you at a disadvantage. I'm very comfortable with myself and do it mainly to have fun.

ST: Now, you're a gay man and a crossdresser. I find that interesting because many crossdressers I know call themselves "straight".

VV: Yes, Sometimes it's difficult. I mean, my partner doesn't completely understand it. He says, "If I wanted to be with a woman I'd be with a woman!" I spend time trying to figure it all out. What would it be like if I had to live this way all the time? Why do I do this? There's lots of introspection.

ST: Vanity, your story parallels the stories of so many of us. Tell us more about your stage character. I understand you're Vicky Vogue's drag daughter?

VV: Yes, even though I don't like that terminology. Danny (Vicky Vogue) was lots of help and he insisted that I use the name Vogue. My partner came up with Vanity. He says it's the only way to describe me when I'm dressed! Vanity is very full of life. She's in-your-face and flirty. I guess Vanity enables me to be things that Garrett isn't. I love to perform and I





The foundation is applied, like an artist with a pallet, I slowly become my alter ego, earthy tones, hearty lips and lashes that complete my eyes, hair that is curled to perfection and serves as my crown of femininity. The feeling of soft velvet against my skin, as the panty hose slide up my slim legs, hugging my hips and giving me that girlish figure I desire. Heels that elevate me a few more inches, and then the accessories, the earrings that sparkle, the necklace that gently rests within my cleavage, the rings and the bracelet.

A little powder before I go, another splash of Chanel, a final tuck, and I'm the girl of your dreams, feminine, sophisticated, and yet wild enough to show you just what kind of girl I am. I am Woman, hear me roar.

enjoy doing everything from Jessica Simpson, to singing in my own voice.

ST: You're also an accomplished poet. I'd like you to share your very beautiful and relevant poem, *Transformed*, if you would.

VV: I'd love to share it.

Calgon, candlelight and jasmine dancing in the dark, rose pedals floating with the bubbles, Enya playing softly from the stereo, a breeze gently whispering through the sheers, life is beautiful. A silk robe, slippers with pink pom poms, sun kissed raspberry lotion smoothes my skin, a splash of Chanel puts me in the mood for my transformation.



ST: Beautiful! You've summed it all up. Anything else you'd like to share?

VV: Just that I can't imagine my life without Vanity!



Foxy Roxy

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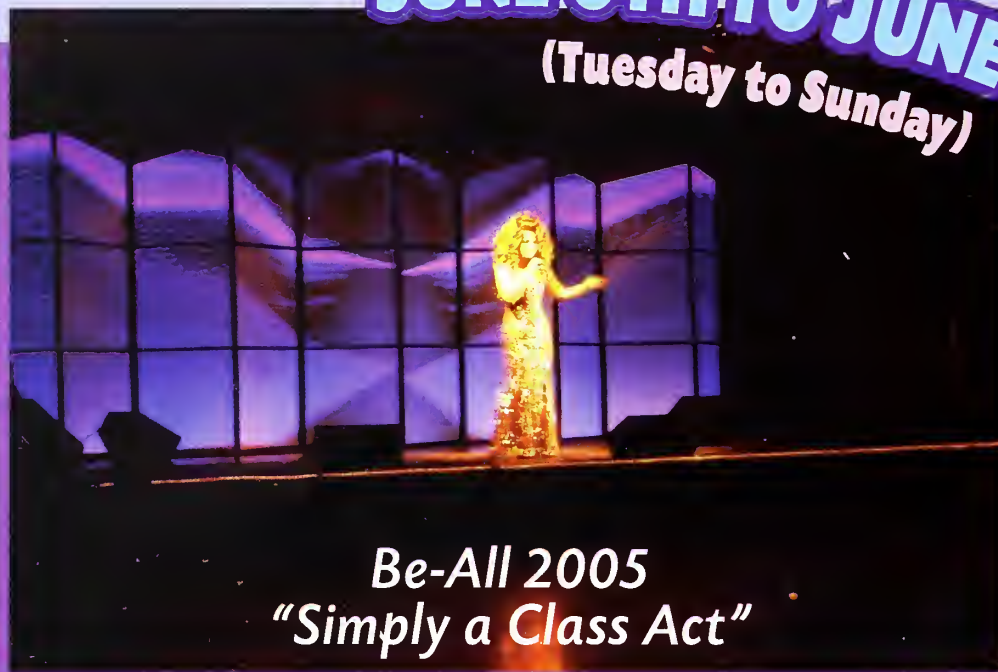
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"I met hearts so loving, I knew I had come home" –Emma, Jeffersonville, IN

And on and on...

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